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LEFT TO THE SPOOKS.

Ab, what a change! The hotel stands; An empty barn deserted; And looks across the barren sands, Where summer lovers flirted.

A howling waste of barren beach, Forsaken by the million The hungry arms of ocean reach

Where once the band's Teutonic throats Blew Wagner's airs before us, Now sounds the deeper, grander notes Of ocean's winter chorus.

The flower beds are choked and dead, The beach has changed and shifted; Keep off the Grass" is dimly read Where restless sands have drifted And on the broad plazze where I used to sit with Mabel;

There stands a weather-beaten cha

A seamed and worn-out table. And leaning up against a post, In that once dear location, I see the grim and pallid ghost

Of my two weeks' vacation. LIZE.

A Tragedy of Great Dismal Rock

BY WILL C. PARSONS. Blue smoke curls from the stickand-daub chimney; and the morning is breaking over the valley and Great Dismal Rock as it stands stern and majestic by the side of the brawling Nolin. The door of the cabin swings open, and Lize shoot; it's Lize. The revenures is as sure as I am a foot high. I had just given birth to as handsome a bus who discovered America." goes singing toward the gate, milk after yer." Like a flash Wash hurls been laying off for a week on acpail in arm. Tall and lithe as a water upon the fire; and the cavern count of the illness of my wife, hickory sapling, her brown eyes is filled with blinding steam. The and did not take my run until sat-E. W. TURNER LODGE, No. 145, F. & filled with the spirit and fire of men spring for their guns and then isfied that she was doing well and perfect health, her white even creep cautiously to the shelter out- had the assurance of the doctor to teeth flashing as the pure notes side in the rocks. "Hank done that effect. The night I left I was When the boy grew up he exhibitpour from her full brown throat; this," whispers Lize, as Wash en- feeling rather depressed in spirits, and her cheeks aglow from the deavors to make her hide in the in- and somehow was not a bit surrecent caress of a coarse towel, ner cave. "Try the back path," prised when fifty miles out the she is a typical Kentucky moun- she says, "while I hide the evi- conductor handed me a telegram HOFFMAN LODGE, No. 507, L. O. G. T. Reg. tain maid. Her bare, brown feet dence. might have served as models for the famous Venus of Milo, and her mic building. All members of the order are clasp of a corset. Graceful as a sity invited to attend. fawn she goes to her early mornstride, free as the air. She is one

> whole being is full of latent fire and hidden strength. its summit. The night's work in the still is over; and two figures creep down the difficult trail, and are lost in the underbrush. One is Lize's father, the other that of honest Wash, a hardy young mountaineer, who loves Lize with all his honest, awkward being. The figures approach the bars, and the old man, stooping, kisses his daughter, and passes on toward the cabin, yawning after his long night's vigil. Wash blushes to the roots of his sandy hair, as he awkwardly greets the lass. She casts her eyes downward; and nervously pokes the turf with one brown toe. Then the two walk slowly toward the bawling cattle; and as they disappear behind the low lying cow sheds, the bushes part; and the face of Hank Grimes scowls at the departing pair. "All right, Wash," mutters Hank, shaking his fist in the direction of the young distiller, "you've got Lize; but, d-n yer, I'll beat yer time yet. I know whar yer still lies, an' I know whar Cap'n Merwin an' his men lay. I'll fix yer guns tonight, an' then with the hundred I gets fer informin' I'll make a big play fer the gal!"

The bushes slowly close over the malignant face, and the dew flies from the weeds as Hank pushes his way down the ravine. Night draws on; and in the valley the low grumbling thunder foretells the gathering storm.

. . "Drop the blanket, Wash," the old man says, as he feeds the glowing fire. "It's a bad night; but there be eyes as SHORTEST AND QUICKEST ROUTE may see us, and we don't want to be ketched like rats in a bin. The fire leaps and crackles, and throws its fitful gleam upon half a dozen moonshiners as they busy themselves at the secret still on Dismal. In a smaller cave is heard the slow, monotonous drip of the liquor coming from the worm. The light touches here and there a polished gun barrel and throws into strong relief the rugged features of the busy men.

Outside the storm bellows and Connections are made at Guthrie howls about the cabin. Lize, unable to sleep, tosses on her bed. A

blackness of the night.

figures of a dozen officers led by Hank, turning into a by-path to the the ford. Pausing a moment to Did throw on her scanty clothing, she steals from the cabin, and like a startled hare darts toward Dismal. Along the dark path she speeds heeding not even the angry snarl of a wildcat, crouching in a crevice of the rocks. The wet bushes whip her face, and the briers scratch her flying feet and tear her homespun dress as she treads her way seemingly by instinct. She reaches the the swelling river and bounds from lowlder to bowlder, while the lightping plays incessantly about her, Once she falls; but bruised and Directing regains her feet, and reaching the farther bank begins the as-

. . . "Hear the wind," remarks a tall, ungainly young fellow, as he pauses in his work and shivers. "They do say a haunt Gawd, what's that.

cent of the rock.

The blanket at the entrance is German banquet board.

watchers can just make out the of- Send me word of her actual conficers creeping slowly up the trail. dition at C-. Don't delay. If At the summit, concealed by a tree, absolutely necessary for me to reing task, with a long swinging Wash stands, his long hair blown turn I will do so." about by the wind and his rifle covering the foremost of the approach- in an agony of suspense. I found sadly, "he was hanged in Montana hands and hopped around. "Fust fice for those they love. Her ing posse. The labored breathing no telegram, and somehow felt reof the old man who refuses to leave, lieved on the idea that no news ing. I knew something would call me names! I won't stand it although the rest of the distillers was good news. But I could not mar his life. The murderous feel- another blamed minit! I'll give Rugged Dismal Rock, sun kissed, have gone down the secret path, shake off that feeling of depression, ing I experienced that night on ye the gaul durnedest lickin a felthe Massell Hallevery Theodes and Friday might.

All musicians are institled to attend. Meetings towers by the bawling river; and a can be distinctly heard. Slowly and it seemed to intensify. I the engine made a criminal Wash's eye glances along the rifle looked in my pocket for that tele- him.—St. Paul Pioneer-Press. now steady as a rock, he only waits gram in order to see if I had read another flash. Hank's life hangs it correctly. I couldn't find it. It by a thread. Again the lightning was gone, and the fact worried and gleams and Wash's finger touches nettled me a good deal. I soon And He Was Ready to Lick Any Man that from view the old man, whose the trigger, but the cap alone snaps forgot it, however, in attending to and no leaden messenger leaves the barrel. Hank panting in the van and we were running at a good laughs defiantly as he calls; "We've rate of speed. I sat in the cab lounging about on the depot plat- and exclaimed: got yer now." Then turning to looking ahead and half in a dream. form, as waiting passengers always "Mebba thar's somebody else the revenue captain he remarked: "Yer pay the same dead as alive? I told yer I'd fix their guns afore they come." Hank braces himself up against a stunted pine and covers Wash with his rifle. Lize leaps at home. Whether that object thoughts, and was sitting with his bar'l of cider as dast knock a chip from the cavern and throws herself that crossed the track was respon- elbows on his knees and his chin off my shoulder!"—New York Herforward, clasping Wash about the neck just as a thin stream of fire all at once grew nervous and said about the late Columbus cenfrom Hank's gun cuts the black- shaky. The fireman noticed it, tennial. ness, and, with a stifled groan, she and asked me what the matter sinks at her lover's feet. For a was, but I put him aside with

moment even the officers are ap- some evasive answer. All the man as he suddenly looked up. palled by the awful scene, but then while he kept looking at me, howpush hastily forward toward the ever, and it finally worked me up summit. Wash, with a cry like a to such a pitch that I turned on teen years and I can't understand wounded animal, stoops a minute him and cried above the roar of why they make such a fuss over gyman said, "I hear the best acover the body of the young girl; the train, 'Keep your eyes off me him. then straightening up, draws his or I'll kill you!' He shrank back knife and springs to the head of half frightened, and told me after trail. "Come on, you d-n' cur," he shouts; and then to the officers: at the time. "Let me an' him settle this. If I live then take me." The old man, insane from the sight of his girl's murder, fires at random at the foremost officer and fell, back, shot in the head. Hank, half drunk, and maddened by jealousy and his crime, springs on Wash, and each grasp for the knife hand of the other, seeking some point of vantage. The two athletes wrestle and strive until their sinews crack, and slowly but surely they approach Joe, what's the matter with you?' C'lumbus was over to my house the edge of the precipice. Power-Hank seeks to bury his knife in his and walked to the side of the en-

the cliff and whirling in mid-air cleaves the dark waters beneath.

A WICKED THOUGHT

it Make a Criminal of His New-Born Child?

A group of locomotive engineers nothing. sat around a table in a pleasant and secluded St. Paul resort a few evenings since quietly sipping beer from the large stone mugs that have become so popular in recent years and related some of their peculiar experiences when in charge of the throttles of the great iron monsters traversing the region between here and the coast. Some of the tales were exciting. Some of them weird and ghostly, and occasionally a bright little years or more, removed his unlighted cigar stump from his mouth walks here o' stormy nights Great a profound impression on all who were seated about that primitive

dashed aside, and a wild figure with 11 was running No. 4 on a westdisheveled hair and rain besoaked ern railroad twenty years ago," he garments staggers in. Wash quick said, "when something happened as a thought jerks a pistol from his that has kept me guessing ever belt, but before he can raise the since. You fellows may not behammer the figure pants, "Don't lieve it, but it is the solemn truth from my little girl which read: The lightning plays about the 'Come back. Mamma is worse. rock; and straining their eyes the She needs you.' Hastily I replied:

my work. The night was clear,

ward that I was temporarily insane queried one of the men. of the train to about sixty miles an a year or two more'n that." hour ahead of schedule. An in- "But, man, Christopher Columstant later the bell rang and I re- bus has been dead for several hunversed the lever. The train came dred years!" side track, and within a minute No. and in good health." 2 thundered past. It was a nar- "Ah, I see!" replied the passen row escape, and I closed my eyes ger. "You are speaking of a when thinking of what might have neighbor?" been. I got down with the oil can noticed a piece of paper fluttering covered America."

out, took hold of it, and was about say with his own mouth that he to crumple and throw it away, but did it, but I'm willin to bet on it. dressed to me and read: 'Come it." My feelings made me weak as a "Christopher Columbus discover-

I called the conductor and told him I would go as far as the next teenth century." station. I related the circum-

"At the stop, to my surprise, he came forward and said: 'Joe you had better stop here and take ed the old man as he rose up and No. 6 back. I telegraphed for a spat on his wrinkled hands. waited one hour for No. 6, and al. knew he lied. The trouble is that most before I knew it I had reach. you don't understand." tion. Finally a tall, fine looking against the gatepost, for I was it may not be two minits before I trayed the battle of perhaps fifty ly, mustering all my courage, I next week!" opened the door and went in."

The silence was oppressive, manded the other. and related a story that produced when Joe stopped and gulped "He kin fur all of me! I hain't down his beer. Everybody around sayin how long he shall live." the table waited eagerly for the continuation of the story. Delib- old?" erately whiping his mouth Joe

continued: in? you are all asking yourselves. folkses' aiges." Well, not what you expected. "Well, you ought to know that My wife was not dead, but had he can't be the Christopher Columnever can see him again."

come back again some day," said call her a liar!"

"Never," said old Joe almost passenger, as a last shot. fiercely; "he can't." "Why not?" asked one a little

more nervy than the rest.

HE KNEW COLUMBUS.

"Suddenly something shot across do, and on an old trunk, tied up here who wants to call me a liar the track like a flash of lightning. with a piece of bedcord and check- about Christopher C'lumbus! I What it was I never did know, but ed for Indianapolis, sat an old man hain't no fighter, but I've got instantly my thoughts went back smoking a corncob pipe. He ap- woke up for the first time in thirty to the telegram and my sick wife peared to be deep in his own years, and I'll give any man a sible or not, I don't know, but I in his hands, when something was ald.

> "Are you talkin' about Christopher C'lumbus?" asked the old

"I've knowed him goin on fif

"You don't mean that you know Christopher Columbus personally?" lighted to hear it.

"Sartinly I do!" was the peppery "I looked out. We were going reply. "I hain't used to bein gleefully. at a frightful rate of speed. Un-called a liar when I make a stateconsciously I had pulled the lever ment. I said I knowed him for out farther and increased the speed nigh fifteen years, and I guess it's

to a standstill. The conductor "Call me a liar agin, do ye? I came forward with a white face hain't no fighter, but I won't stand and inquired, 'For God's sake, that from anybody! Christopher A little while longer and we would last night to borry my bushel have plunged into the west bound basket and see if I had any cider train. We ran a little ahead to a bar'ls to sell. He was livin then distinguished for her beauty and

Sartinly, and a good neighbor "But we were talking of the

"When about to fill the cups I Christopher Columbus who dison one of the wheels. I reached "So am I. I never heard him

something arrested my attention He's no hand to brag, but all of us and I opened it up. I turned per- know he's the man, jest the same. con for breakfast?" exclaims Mr. fectly white when I saw it was ad. His wife once told mine all about H., in disgust. Receiving no anback. Mamma is worse. She "My dear man," continued the starts off for a restaurant. needs you.' It was the last straw. other with great persistency,

child, and when I clambered into ed this country in the year 1492." the cab again it was with difficulty "Waal, I'm not goin to call you breakfast, sir?

"And he died early in the Fif-

"That hain't so! He hain't dead stances, and instead of laughing yit onless he was taken sudden he only looked grave and said last night or this mornin, and I don't believe he was."

"But he must be." "Then I'm a liar, am I?" squeak-

man to finish the run.' Dazed, "I don't say that. I wouldn't and hardly knowing what I did, I call an old man a liar even if I

ed home. Almost running, I hur- "I'd as lief be called a liar as a ried to the house. It was nearly fool!" shouted the old man, growmorning, but lights flashed before ing more aggressive as the other my eyes as I came up. Every- seemed to weaken. "I hain't thing seemed astir. I staggered struck a man in thirty years, but weak with nervous dread. Final. knock a man into the middle of

"Can a man live 400 years?" de

"Is your neighbor 400 years

"He don't look it, but I never asked his aige. I wuz brung up "What did I find when I went to hev better manners than to ask

little fellow as you ever laid eves "Orter . Know! How'd I orter on. My, but I was proud, and I know? D'ye 'spose I go around stooped down and kissed them pryin into other felkses' bizness both with more emotion than I and makin a fool o' myself? When had shown in years. Well, I am he bought the farm next to me on ed tendencies of wildness. When America. He looked like it and nineteen years of age he ran away. acted like it, and why should I I have never seen him since. I say it wasn't so? Then his wife told my wife that he was the man, "Oh, you don't know; he will and I'd hev been a purty nabur to

"I'm sorry for you," said the

"About what?" "Because you are so ignorant." "What, callin names?" shouted "Because," replied the old man the old man as he spat all over his of ler ever got in all his born days

Here, cum back!" But the other hastened away, and when he had turned the corner of the depot and disappeared legs had been wabbling about all the time, resumed his seat and

Half a dozen men of us were flourished his aged fists around

It Was Paralysis and Not Faith.

The minister was ecstatic in his greeting of the former parishioner whom he had not seen since the latter's removal to the west, years

"My dear old friend," the clercounts of you.

The former parishoner was de-"Understand you've stopped drinking," the pastor continued

"Good. Faith gave you strength to resist the tempter, I suppose?" "Not exactly. Got paralysis in left eye, don't you know, and could

not signal the druggist. With a few more pleasant words they parted.

Her Reply Stumped Gladstone.

Once, at an evening party, Mr. Gladstone, attempting to make himself agreeable, it is to be presumed, said to a pretty, bright-eyed girl of seventeen or eighteen summers, accomplishments in the circle of her admirers:

"Pray, Miss Blank, can you tell me how love begins!"

"And she instantly replied with a merry twinkle and smile: "Why, with L, of course," thus discomforting the distinguished

A Cross-Grained Fellow.

scholar and statesman.

At home:

"What! nothing but eggs and baswer from his patient spouse he

At the restaurant a quarter of an Waiter-What do you wish for

The lightning gleams, and to the "You are very hard to bear," that I was able to start the engine. a liar about that. If you say it's Mr. H. (after a moment's reflection-Bacon and eggs.

Shurch Directoru.

CATHOLIC CHURCH OF THE IMMACULATE Pirst mass, 3:00 a.m.; second mass and serme 10:00 a.m. Rosary instruction and benediction 2:30 p. m. every Sunday. A. M. Coenan, pastor.

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The gaudy red pavilion. MISSIONARY BAPTIST CHURCH Services second Saturday avoning and Sunday each month. Prayer meeting, Monday night M. R. CHURCH.

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CHRISTIAN CHURCH. Preaching every second and fourth Lord's day, morning and evening, by Elder Fail. Prayer-meeting on Wednesday evening. Sunday-school every Sunday morning at 9:13.

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Lodge Directory.

ST. BERNARD LODGE, No. 240, 1 O. O. F. Meets every Tuesday night at 2, 20 p. m. Visiting brethren con dially invited to attend.

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and Henderson to the

nection

North, East, South and West, Juli in the turmoil of the elements makes the stillness doubly still. The faint patter of horses' hoofs now splashing through puddles in Seeking homes on the line of this the road reaches her ears; springroad will receive special low rates. ing from her couch with startled See agents of this company for eyes she endeavors to pierce the

less to aid either, the horror-stricken officers witness the final struggle. Nearer and nearer the edge draw the panting men. Suddenly Hank sinks his teeth into Wash's hand, and the latter loses his grip but for a moment. Swift as thought rival's heart, but that moment slips gine on the stock of Wash's rifle, red with Lize's blood, and totters on the brink of the cliff. Wash thrusts out madly with his knife and the nerveless body of Hank sinks over

For a moment Wash stands like a statue. Then swiftly bending over Lize's body, he plants a kiss upon her lips, and the next moment leaps far out into the darkness to a welcome death.

Louisville, Kentucky. startled, lonely girl is revealed the snapped the ice to the obese skater. Well, to make a long story short, so I'll let it go."